Eng. Poetry vol. 41.

AN

ODE

TO

DUKE HUMPHRY,

IMITATED FROM

HORACE.

Old Politicians chew on Wiſdom paſt,
And totter on in Buſineſs to the laſt;
As weak, as earneſt; and as gravely out,
As ſober *Laneſb'row* dancing in the Gout. POPE.

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M DCC LXIII.

HORACE,

LIB. I. ODE XXV.

Ad LYDIAM.

PArcius junctas quatiunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi,
Nec tibi somnos adimunt; amatque
Janua limen,

Quæ prius multum faciles movebat
Cardines: audis minus & minus jam;
Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?

HORACE,

Lib. I. Ode XXV.

I.

WHERE are the Crowds we ſaw before?
No *Flatt'rers* now beſiege your Door,
None to your Smiles aſpire;
Your *Porter* once ſo briſk in Place,
So buſy, buſtling, like your Grace
May with your Grace *retire*.

II.

The Promiſe-fed, deluded Throng,
Who bow'd ſo low, who bow'd ſo long,
And at your Levees waited---
Commons and Peers alike are gone,
Your very *Biſhops* too are flown
To G---GE, to be *tranſlated*.

III

Invicem mœchos anus arrogantes
Flebis in ſolo levis angiportu,
Thracio Bacchante magis ſub inter-
lunia vento:

Quum tibi flagrans amor, & libido,
Quæ ſolet matres furiare equorum,
Sæviet circa jecur ulceroſum;
Non ſine queſtu,

III.

When Age comes on, and Buſineſs fails,
The caſt-off *Harlot* weeps and rails,
Yet ſtill would fain be cooing;
To bring new Lovers to her Arms,
Ogles, coquets, repairs her Charms,
Old Women will be doing.---

IV.

So you ſtill ſmirk and *nod* the Head,
But all in vain,---your Charms are fled,
The Tongue of Flatt'ry ceaſes;
In vain you ſtrive to raiſe a Flame,
Though paſt the Pow'r, you love the Game---
With Age Deſire increaſes.---

V.

All to St. *Ja*---'s now repair,
Where *Virtue* with her modeſt Air
Each raptur'd Boſom fires---
She never *jilts*, ſhe ne'er betrays,
But always means the Thing ſhe ſays,
And Love and Joy inſpires---

III

Læta quod pubes edera virenti
Gaudeat, pulla magis atque myrto—
Aridas frondes Hyemis sodali
Dedicet Hebro.

IV

FINIS.

VI.

With native Charms in blooming Youth,
With Spirit, Gentleneſs, and Truth,
All ſtrive to woo and win her;
While to your *batter'd* Perſon cold,
They ſcorn the Arts of one ſo old,
So impotent a Sinner---

VII.

Yon op'ning *Roſe*, ſecure from Blight,
Will charm the Senſe, attract the Sight,
And throw its Sweets about---
While *ſapleſs Wood* but makes a Blaze,
Which *Boys* attend with loud Huzza's,
And then in Smoke *goes out*.

THE END.

VI.

With native Charms in blooming Youth,
With Spirit, Gentleness, and Truth,
All strive to woo and win her;
While to your Matter'd Person cold,
They learn the Arts of one to old,
So important's Sinner---

VII.

Yen op'ning Rofe, fecure from Blight,
Will charm the Senfe, attract the Sight,
And throw its Sweets about---
While fimple Wood'bine lacks a Share,
Which Boy attends with Huzza's,
And then in Smoke goes out.

THE END.